4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

were endeavouring to make a meal. Round them were gathered about thirty dogs, wild with hunger, barking furiously at the frightened children, and attacking and fighting them for that miserable repast.

I walked along the beach, and endeavoured to make friends with some of the Ainu who were less shy than the others. One little girl was especially picturesque. She was only about ten, and her large eyes, tanned complexion, white teeth, the tiny bluish-black tattoo on her upper lip, her uncombed long black hair flying around her, and her red cloth ear-rings, made her indeed one of the quaintest studies of colour that I have seen in my life. I got her to sit for me; and while I was painting her, an old man, the chief of the village, dressed up in a gaudy costume, with a crown of willow shavings on his head, came to me and made his "salaams." He bore the name of Angotsuro, and before all his salaams were over he found himself "caught in the action" in my sketch-book. Many of the villagers had collected round, and one of them, a half-caste, expressed the wish that I should paint the chief in colours, like the picture of the girl. I asked for nothing better, and started an oil-sketch of him. The excitement of the natives who were witnessing the operation grew greater and greater as each new ornament in the chief's dress was put in the picture. Some seemed to approve of it, others were grumpy, and apparently objected to the picture being taken at all. The *séance* was indeed a stormy one; and though the chief had his regal crown knocked off his head two or three times by the anti-artistic party, he sat well for his likeness, especially as I promised him in Japanese, that when the picture was completed he should be given a few coins and two buttons off my coat.

It was while portraying him that I noticed what extraordinary effects colours produce on those whose eyes are unaccustomed to them. A man in the crowd would get excited, and open his eyes wide and show his teeth every time I happened to touch with my brush the cobalt blue on my palette. Other colours had not the same effect on him. His eyes were continually fixed on the blue, anxiously waiting for the brush to dip in it, and this would then send him into fits of merriment. I squeezed some blue paint from a tube on

4: Laidor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

to the palm of his hand, and he nearly went off his head with delight. He sprang and jumped and yelled, and then ran some way off, where he squatted on the sand, still in admiration of the blue dab on his hand, still grinning at intervals with irrepressible enjoyment. Where the point of the joke was no one but himself ever knew.

When the picture was finished I had no little trouble to keep the many fingers of my audience off the wet painting. Moreover, some person endowed with kindly feelings threw a handful of sand in my face, which nearly blinded me for the moment and partly ruined the two pictures I had painted. The money and the buttons were duly paid to Angotsuro and I moved on.

That same evening I went out for a walk. It was a very dark night, and I love dark nights. When for some years you have done nothing but see strange things and new places there is indeed a great fascination in going about in complete darkness; it rests both your eyes and your brain. I walked for some time along the beach, stumbling against the canoes drawn on shore and against anything that was in my way. Hut after hut was passed, but everything was silent; there was not a sound to be heard, not a light to be seen. The Ainu are early people; they retire with the sun. I walked on yet farther and farther afield, till through the thatched wall of one of the huts I discerned a faint light. I stood and listened. The sad voice of a man was singing a weird, weird song, the weirdest song I have ever heard. Then came a pause, and another voice, even more plaintive than the first, continued the same air.

What with the strange melody in the hut, the soothing noise of the waves gently breaking on the shingle, and the distant howling of dogs or wolves, the mystic effect was such that I could not resist the temptation, and I crept into the hut. A fire was burning in the centre, but it had almost gone out, leaving a lot of smoke. Three old men were sitting on the ground. They decidedly looked as if they did not expect me, but, after their first astonishment was over, they asked me to squat down in a corner, and there I was left to amuse myself, while they resumed their singing and drinking. Of the latter they seemed to have had enough already; but, all the

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placed on his head, whilst his better-half helped him on with his regal *imi* (garments), as well as a large sword, which also made part of his regal insignia. The crown had in front a small bear's head roughly carved in wood, and the clothes were very gaudy. They were made of strips of blue, white, and red cloth sewn together. The materials used were Japanese, but they were cut and arranged in a thoroughly Ainu pattern. Though he began well, Benry was not a good sitter, and, like most animals, he did not like to be stared at. He felt the weight of a look, as it were, and it made him uncomfortable. Not many minutes had elapsed before he became openly impatient; he even showed his temper by flinging away his crown and his wooden sword. On the other hand, sketching in Benry's house was no easy matter for me. With all the respect due to the chief of Piratori, I am bound to say that his house was not a model of cleanliness. Those of his hairy brothers and subjects were no better than his, and many were a great deal worse. Fleas and other insects were so numerous that in a few minutes I was literally covered with them, each one of them having a peaceful and hearty meal at my expense, while I, for the sake of art, had to go on with my sketch and leave them undisturbed. Notwithstanding all this Benry was immortalised twice that day, and his maid, housekeeper, or wife —three words which have the same meaning to the Ainu— was also handed down to posterity while in the act of spinning the inner fibre of the *Ulmus campestris* bark, destined to form a new garment for her lord, master, and husband.

When I went out to sketch the houses and storehouses in the village Benry and another man followed me everywhere; but neither he nor his fellow-shadow seemed to take any interest in the sketching. In Japan, Corea, and China I have often been surrounded by hundreds of people attentively watching every stroke of the brush, and I have always found them clever and quick in making out the meaning of each line or brush-mark. I can assert, without fear of being contradicted, that the majority of Japanese, Coreans, and Chinese are even quicker than Europeans in that respect, owing to the fact that lines constitute for them the study of a lifetime. Chinese characters, which are nothing but a deep study of lines, are adopted by the three above-mentioned nations, and

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Oakan River. The Oakan joins the Kutcharo River not far from the sea.

The descent was easier than the ascent, and I put up at a small tea-house, the only one in the place. The landlord promised to get me a good pony early the next morning, but, like a true Japanese, he did not keep his promise. He called me at 5 A.M., saying that the pony would be ready in a few minutes, and at 9 A.M. the quadruped had not put in an appearance; and after numberless excuses, compliments, bows, and lies, the landlord acknowledged that no ponies were to be had. I gave my luggage to a railway *employé*, who undertook to bring it back to Shibetcha, and I started on foot for Lake Kutcharo. From Yuzan a track across the mountains goes due north to Abashiri, on the north-east coast. I went in a south-westerly direction, and as on the previous day from the summit of Yuzan I had noted the position of Lake Kutcharo, I had no difficulty in finding my way there; in fact, I came upon a small Ainu track leading to it. A delightful walk of ten miles in the forest took me to the Ainu village of Kutcharo, on the borders of the lake of the same name. The village is a miserable one; it differs from all other Ainu villages in its huts, which have semicircular roofs instead of angular ones, as is the case with the Ainu of Volcano Bay and of the Saru and Tokachi Rivers. I entered some of the huts, and in a few minutes I was surrounded by the small population—I daresay about twenty souls, all included—whom I led out into the open air to see what they were like. They appeared to me smaller than other Ainu, and their bones were less massive; they were not so hairy, and more inclined to baldness. Their garments were wretched, and resembled those worn by the Tokachi Ainu; namely, a few rags held together one could scarcely say how. Women were tattooed on their lips and arms, but less extensively than are those of other tribes, and the tattooing was not so accurately done.

Other Ainu whom I met in the forest in the neighbourhood of this village bore the same characteristics, and everyone seemed to be curiously melancholy and depressed. An Ainu existence is certainly not one's ideal of comfort and hilarity, but their gloom and melancholy seem to me to be purely racial and congenital.

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lectual activity, for beyond that point the Ainu brain cannot go. As art in its natural state is merely the pictorial outcome of what the brain has grasped, we have in these crude beginnings another strong proof that the brain-power of the Ainu is indeed very limited, and their inability to represent animal form seems extraordinary in view of what other savages have done; but of course superstition may have something to say to the omission. The Ainu rank very low in the scale of civilisation; they are probably below the Australian blacks and the tree-dwellers of India, who are supposed to be among the lowest races in creation. The Terra del Fuegians and certain African tribes run them hard; but, taken all in all, the Ainu are the furthest behind in the great race of human development.

AN AINU PIPE.

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

142 "very manly" (*see* Tattoos). Baldness is not common among thoroughbred Ainu, even at a very old age, when, however, they generally turn grey and then white, which gives a patriarchal appearance to the hairy people.

152 The Ainu face seldom undergoes the marked changes common to civilised nations, as they are not subject to large emotions; but different expressions are as easily discernible by anyone who really knows and has studied the natives, as the different expressions in the eyes of animals by one who is familiar with them. When the Ainu is pleased he seldom wrinkles his face and draws back his mouth at the corners, as we do, but he shows it by a peculiar sparkle in the eyes and by an almost imperceptible wrinkle in his eyelids, which contract and diminish the opening. The corners of the mouth turn slightly upwards. The smile is an accentuation of this expression, with the additional lowering of the eyebrows, especially in the middle near the nose, causing the forehead to wrinkle.

Laughter Ainu know not. During my long stay among them I never once saw a *real* Ainu laugh heartily, for the hero of the dab of blue paint laughed less than he roared with pleasure; and I do not remember even direct crosses doing so; hence travellers have reported the Ainu to be "dull," "sad," "expressionless."

Certainly, the first thing that strikes one on coming in contact with them is, how depressed they look, and how, even in their work, their games, their festivals, sadness is greater than joy. In fact, the Ainu, with their sentimental nature, enjoy sadness.

Astonishment and surprise are expressed by a perplexed look in the wide-opened eyes, by raising the eyebrows, and by the contraction of the mouth. The hands are not raised nor directed towards the object or person causing astonishment; but if the arms be hanging down, the fingers are widely separated. With the Ainu sorrowful emotions are more marked than the more pleasing, the more joyous. Thus, when in low spirits the head is bent forwards, the eyes are staring and drooping, and the mouth is drawn downwards. In greater grief howling is added to these signs. Ainu men occasionally indulge in quiet tears without sobbing, but

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women weep copiously at the death of their children when these are young. 152

When an Ainu stands very erect, with one hand in the other in front, and, turning his head on either shoulder, throws it back and looks down at you with expressionless eyes, in the meanwhile raising his eyebrows, you may be sure that he means to show contempt. If, however, his eyes are restless and his lips quiver, if the eyebrows are rapidly brought down over the eyelids, while he opens his eyes wide showing the whole of the iris; if the nostrils are inflated and he breathes heavily; if the head is thrown forward and he is slowly arching, and, as the French say, "making a round back," you may be certain that he is in a very bad temper, and means to go for you, if he sees his way to it.

When obstinate, the pose of the arms and legs is similar to that by which he wishes to show contempt, but the expression of the face is absolutely stolid, the eyes are firm and frigid, meaning in that way to impress you with the certainty that, come what may, he will not move from his decision.

When actively angry, the Ainu sneer and snarl at one another, frowning ferociously, and showing all their front teeth, but specially uncovering their fangs or dog teeth; the arms are stretched out, but always with the fist open—if no knife or other weapon be held in the hand. Shame and disgust are two expressions which one does not often see on Ainu faces. The former I cannot describe, for I never saw an Ainu who was ashamed of anything he had done; the latter is manifested by an upward movement of the corners of the lips, and a curling of the nose, with a sudden expiration almost like a snort.

Shyness, which is the nearest approach to shame, is shown by women when meeting a stranger, and gives them a submissive look. They bend their heads and look down until the first emotion has passed, when they gaze at the new-comer with a certain restlessness and curiosity, again, as in so many of their gestures and ways, reminding one of monkeys. I never found any shyness whatever in Ainu men; neither could I detect in them any signs of fear for objects, animals, or powers with which they were familiar. Things which they do

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152 not understand of course frighten them, like eclipses of the sun or moon, or as my revolver did when I was attacked by them at Horobets; and also when I appeared as a black-winged rider on the north-east coast. In the latter case, unfortunately, I was too far off to see their faces clearly, and in the former, after the attack they showed more sensible submission to the inevitable than true cowardice. What I chiefly saw then was here and there a face with wide-open, undecided eyes heavily frowning; while some of the others shrugged their shoulders and closed their eyes, waiting for the loud report of the revolver, which unpleasant noise, heard before from Japanese guns, always gives a shock to their nerves.

152 When an Ainu wishes to show that something cannot be 201 done, or that he cannot prevent someone else from doing it, he neither shrugs his shoulders like a Frenchman, nor shakes his head laterally like an Englishman; nor does he throw out his hands like a Neapolitan, but, quietly standing erect, and with his head slightly bent forward, he gently lifts it up, and slowly winking his eyes, says that he cannot do it.

When children are sulky or displeased they frown and protrude their lips, making a nasal noise similar to this—"Ohim" —without any of the vowels clearly pronounced.

201 Our way of nodding the head vertically in sign of affirmation and shaking it laterally in negation is not known to the [177] thoroughbred race. Those, either Ainu or half-castes, who practise it have learned it from the Japanese. The right hand is generally used in negation, passing it from right to left and back in front of the chest; and both hands are gracefully brought up to the chest and prettily waved downwards—palms upwards—in sign of affirmation. In other words, their affirmation is a simpler form of their salute, just the same as with us the nodding of the head is similarly used both ways.

152 It is quite enough to look at an Ainu's eyes to see at once whether he consents or not, just as it is quite enough to look at a monkey's face to know if it will accept the apple you offer it. Slyness and jealousy are well marked in the Ainu face, and the former is seen in the glittering, restless eyes, the latter in the sulky glance and protruding mouth. Slyness is a very common characteristic among Ainu men; jealousy is recognised and frequent in women.

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AINU SALUTATION.

CHAPTER XXV.

Ainu Music, Poetry, and Dancing.

THE music of each nation has certain characteristics of its own; and though according to European ideas the music of what are called barbarous peoples may sound in some sense excruciating, it always has a certain occult charm, more especially to one who is able to forget his former training, and teach himself to see, hear, and think in the same way as the natives he is studying.

Undoubtedly we Westerns have brought music to a pitch of refinement that no savage nation has even attempted to reach; but in my opinion we do savages injustice when we call their music "unmitigated discord." Barbarians like the Ainu do not indicate their rhythmical effects and modulations by means of a musical notation; and harmony is of course very defective with them, from our point of view. On the other hand, the feeling and passion with which they chant their songs make them go straight to the heart, if as a melody they are not always pleasing to the cultivated Western ear.

An Ainu seldom sings for the mere pleasure of art as art, and it is only when full of joy or "crazed with care" that he gives expression to his feelings in music. Then he pours out

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533 his whole soul in that which to him is melody beyond the
●150 power of words to compass.

After a hunt, a fishing expedition, a journey, or a misfortune,
576 the Ainu enters his hut and seats himself cross-legged on the ground. He then holds out both hands with the palms together, and rubs them backwards and forwards three or four times; after this he raises them, palms upwards, to a level with his head, gracefully lowers them to his knees, and then, raising them again, strokes his hair and beard. Again he lowers his hands twice, thrice, or even more times, according to the amount of respect to which the person saluted is entitled, the latter following in every smallest detail the motions of his saluting friend. When this complicated salutation has been performed separately before each male member of the household, the new arrival relates the tale of his good- or ill-luck; and if the events be of an unusual character the story is chanted
533 in a sort of sing-song which makes each note of joy or lamentation vibrate in the heart of the listener. It is only in such circumstances of stress of feeling that I ever heard the Ainu sing, though sometimes women and young folks when alone, fishing, riding, or travelling, sing out bits of their past lives as they remember this scene or that event.

Ainu music is almost entirely vocal, and their singing has more the character of the *recitative* than of the *aria* proper. Their songs are always for *solo;* and during my stay among the hairy people I never heard a concerted piece, nor even an air or a single voice with a chorus for a number of voices; neither did I hear any songs performed by men and women together, but invariably by men to other men, and by women to other women. It seems to me that the reason why they
[516] have no choruses is their strict etiquette, which forbids them to interrupt a speaker till he has finished his narrative; and as their songs are only narratives which the musical sing-song makes more impressive, it seems more than probable that the reason I have given is the right one. If a singer during his narrative stops, and is silent for a minute or two, another takes up the "lost chord" in exactly the same intonation of voice, asking a question or singing words of comfort, anger, or scorn, as the case may be; but no Ainu ever joins in the song before the person singing has stopped.

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extent, discuss and combine. The Ainu memory is a perfect blank in certain respects, as with arithmetic, science, mechanics, reading, writing, drawing, and delineating maps; while in other directions it seems to be fairly keen, as in hunting, fishing, tracking, and acquiring languages up to a certain point. This last faculty is noticeable in nearly all the lowest races, as the Australian aborigines, the Tasmanian natives (now extinct), the Tierra del Fuegians, &c. The Ainu ideas of time are vague, and if you add to that the extreme difficulty which they experience in counting even up to ten, and their inability to count beyond that number, it is easy to understand why we can never learn the exact age of Ainu individuals.

Like the monkeys, the Ainu cannot concentrate their attention, and they are easily wearied. Beads and shiny objects have a fascination for them; but other objects, even perfectly new to them, arouse but little curiosity, which soon passes, and they show no intelligence and less imagination as to the probable use of these strange objects. They show no inquisitiveness, and no wish to be taught the use of anything new and unfamiliar.

It will be remembered that at Yamakubiro, on the Tokachi River, beyond the natural astonishment caused by the first appearance of my ponies, the strange baggage, and myself, the Ainu did not pay much attention to this novel sight, and did not show any wish to have it explained, while more civilised people, like the Japanese, would not have been satisfied until I had shown and explained every article in my possession, and allowed each person to try its use, &c., after which they would talk for hours of what they had seen. The Ainu are not "built" so, and therefore they have never made any progress. In the more civilised parts of Yezo we have a proof of it. Their backwardness in acquiring the habits and customs of their conquerors the Japanese, arises from incapacity more than from conservatism. Yet for all that the Ainu are so incapable of improving themselves, they are very persevering in what they do attempt, as in their rough wooden carvings, the hollowing of their "dug-outs," the construction of their wooden tools and weapons, the weaving of their rough garments, and the ornamentation thereof; but in all these they

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157 appear to act more automatically than with keen and constructive intelligence.

The Ainu are not to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, for the illusions produced by ignorance and untutored imagination prevent anything like literal accuracy; but they are not what we may call conscious and immoral liars. A good example of this is my adventure at Horobets, when, although they knew that they would be severely punished by the Japanese policeman, the Ainu confessed their attack on me, and did not attempt either denial or evasion. They are often plucky, and even distinctly courageous; as, when out bear-hunting, a man armed only with a large and not over sharp knife unhesitatingly attacks this formidable beast, who sits up on his hind quarters, sure to crush the life out of his assailant should he miss his stroke. The Ainu, protecting his head with his left arm, and having taken the precaution to cover his back with skins, goes merrily for the embrace; and while Bruin squeezes, the hairy man splits its body open with the large knife.

● 152 The Ainu are cool-blooded. They are not subject to strong emotions, and therefore they are not much affected by dreams and nightmares. They are not affectionate except for a momentary impulse; but, like most animals, they are faithful 152 when they love. Mothers are fond of their children till they 593 have reached puberty; but after that the affection seems to fade away. Paternal love is much less strong.

150 The pure Ainu are comparatively honest people, which may 577 be due to the incapacity for being dishonest. In a country where there is no exact definition of property, where anybody can get what he requires without resorting to theft, there is no reason why everybody should not be honest. Then, according to Ainu ideas, stealing is not always stealing. For instance, 183 if an Ainu, without asking, takes away some of the salmon [685] caught by one of his hairy brethren, he will be blamed for it, he will get into a row, and probably be beaten; but if the theft is perpetrated on a Japanese or a stranger he will be praised, though the Ainu well knows that he is not acting right. Their desire is stronger than their conscience, such as it is; and having no laws of their own to rule them worth [671] speaking of, they often do according to their desire, without deserving the accusation of conscious dishonesty. It is exactly

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595 marries again. Though savage and barbarian, the Ainu is shrewd enough not to take his second wife to live with his first, for he knows what the result would be, human nature
●[150] being the same in Yezo as it is in London, and jealousy as strong among the tattooed women of the hairy people as among the fair-skinned daughters of the West. All women are bad enough when out of temper, but the Ainu women are pre-eminent in this respect. Our shock-haired bigamist calls his first wife *poro-machi*—"great wife," and he calls the other *pon-machi*—"small wife;" and as long as the two females do not live under the same roof they are all happy with the arrangement. If, indeed, he chooses to have more than these two wives he thinks small blame to himself. There is no bar of any kind in his code to his having a third "half;" but this seldom happens now, for the women are not in such over abundance in the Ainu country as to allow each man to indulge in a "triple alliance." The Ainu are therefore polygamists when they can find the third woman, and almost always bigamists when this is possible. The wife does not
551 take her husband's name, for no Ainu has a family surname;
585 and each man or woman is called after some peculiarity which he or she possesses, or after some event or accident which has befallen them. For instance, *Una-charo*, a man's name, means "Sprinkled-ashes," and *Yei-Ainu*, "Dangerous Ainu," &c.; and *Korunke*, a woman's name, means "Ice-eater;" *Reoback*, "Who burst three times," and so on, each person having a different name, which is nothing more than a nick-name. When the girl gets married she does not drop this nick-name, neither, as has been said, does she take her husband's name, though sometimes she is called So-and-So's wife. Supposing that Miss Burst-three-times were to marry Mr. Sprinkled-ashes, she would be Mr. Sprinkled-ashes' wife, and would still be called by her maiden name, Burst-three-times.

162 It is impossible to quote exact statistics of the Ainu population, and whether the women outnumber the men, but from my own observation I should think that females are in excess of the males in some districts, and about even in others.

593 The man, naturally, is the lord and master of the household,
562 and the wife is like a kind of inferior being or a slave, whose duty it is to obey her male companion. She has to yield in

7:Munro & Seligman D. E-4. 5 (ca. 1900-1942) 1963
AB6 Ainu AB6

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he mingles regret with reassurance. He then bows low and weeps with the rest of the company.

All who salute the head of the corpse weep, most of them copiously. All male adults are invited to make this last farewell and it is thought improper not to weep, even for a former enemy. Women shed tears from beginning to end of the proceedings, and all join in a dirge which consists in a repetition of *o-yoyopota*, 'Oh, how dreadful'. Descriptive phrases may occasionally be introduced, but the elders dislike elaboration. Attitudes of dejection are called *uko-noyoize*, 'altogether wilted'. The effect of many voices chanting in a natural harmony is very beautiful.

Preparing the Body

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The proper dressing of the body is essential, for not until it is dressed is the soul ready to join the ancestors in *Kamui Kotan*. It is then supposed to forget all earthly events, good or bad, and all anger and discontent disappear unless some unusual grievance is strong enough to remain in memory. Formerly, when an Ainu had been killed by another, his body was dressed in the manner of living Ainu so that he might exact vengeance. Normally, as we shall see, the clothing is reversed so that all memory of the past may be wiped out.

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The body is first washed from head to foot, women only attending to women. A woman's body is prepared for burial by a sister, mother, or mother's sister, or maternal grandmother, who may be assisted by some other respected woman. All women are supposed to keep a spare girdle (*kut*) ready for their own burial, without which the soul of a dead woman dare not meet the ancestral spirits. The old one is taken by a close female relative, or it might be buried in the porch. A new male loincloth is put on a father's corpse by his son and the son's corpse by his father. Failing them a father's brother does this.

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In respectable families clothing for the dead was formerly made and kept for that purpose. Women made their cloth (*attush*), and for some centuries before the Meiji era, Japanese stuffs, and perhaps some from China, traded through Siberia, were obtained by barter. Clean garments are essential for the journey to join the Ancestral Host. Clothes worn by the deceased inspire fear and caution, and I am told that they are still turned out of the house

796 /735 cont./
182 believe that, governed by fear and superstition, they see in it
[181] merely a means of exploiting the bear quietly and with impunity.
The view on which the bear festival rests therefore seems to me
[171] to be exactly the same among the Ainu as among the Gilyak, and
the customary practices of both peoples in connection with it correspond in their basic features.

796 The Japanese Kannemon reports in his "Jeso-ki" that, if the
23 Ainu find a bear cub, they bring it home, where it is suckled by
152 the wife of the finder (7) -- a story that sounds very improbable,

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7 Titsingh, "Ieso-ki ou description de l'île d'Iesso, composée par Kannemon en 1652 /Ieso-ki, or Description of the Island of Yesso, written by Kannemon in 1652/" (Malte-Brun, Ann. des Voyages, Vol. XXIV, Paris, 1814, p. 154). Also Klaproth, San kokf tsou ran to sets, ou aperçu général des trois royaumes /San kokf tsou ran to sets, or General Survey of the Three Kingdoms/, Paris, 1832, p. 236.

though at the bear festival in Kunnui Scheube saw such a bear wet-nurse, who sat sadly to one side and now and then even burst into
[182] tears. To be sure, it seemed to him that her sadness was not feigned
[183] and, say, merely prescribed by the rules of the festival, but was actually prompted by the fate of her foster child, but then later she participated actively in the dances customary at the festival, in fact even /736/ led them herself in part, and, since weeping and mourning over the bear is a necessary requirement of a bear festival in order to be relieved of all guilt for the death of the bear and any ultimate responsibility for it, one would certainly not be mistaken in ascribing the alleged grief to this conception which is common to the Ainu along with the Gilyak and other peoples. Among the
231 Gilyak, at any rate, I never heard anything which would confirm
171 Kannemon's tale about the Ainu. Among them a watery moss is more likely to serve as the first food for a bear cub. Free at first, or kept in a little cage in one corner of the hut, the bear, when